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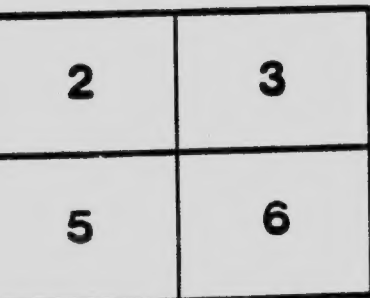
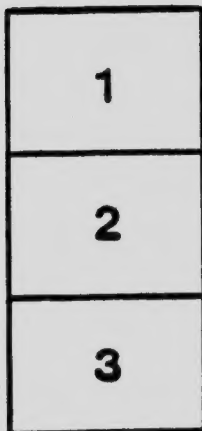
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et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre
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illustrent la méthode.



CAN
PAM

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Forgie, J. G.

"Somewhere in Flanders."

"Somewhere in Flanders,"

The message read,

"Officially reported

Your boy is dead."

"Killed in action,—"

Nobly done,

Doing his duty

His victory won:

"For God and the Right,—"

'Twas all he said,

Somewhere in Flanders

Her boy is dead.

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"Somewhere in Flanders,"

A comrade close by,

Bent was his knee

And wet was his eye:

How is it lad?

And he bowed his head,—

For a comrade in action,

In his arms, was dead.

Lay him gently to rest,

Down on the sod,

His spirit has flown

To be with his God.

"Killed in action,"

Were the words of his Chief,

Send her the message,

Be gentle, and brief.

He never wavered

But answered the call,

"For God, and his country,"

That is all:

No more could we ask

Of our country's son,

He fought her fight,

His victory is won.

"Killed in action. . ."

These words shall ring,

"Doing his duty

For country and King:"

Killed in action. . .

Bravely he fell,

Facing the foe

'Midst shot and shell:

He gave his life

His country to save,

Somewhere in Flanders,

They made his grave.

Somewhere in Flanders,

They laid him to rest;

Closed gently his eyes

Folded hands on his breast.

Somewhere in Flanders

His duty is done:

Wrap the Union Jack

Round Canada's son.

Though fondly we loved him,

Yet freely we gave,

And now in Flanders

He sleeps in his grave.

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Somewhere in Flanders,
The message read,
They laid him gently—
O, he is not dead!
Only gone before
To a better clime,
Where Truth, and Life
Forever shine.
Somewhere in Flanders,
God thought it best
To call her boy
To His Heavenly rest.

Somewhere in Flanders
On his tablet write,—
"He did his duty
For God and the Right."
This is our tribute
Dear comrade to thee,
Somewhere in Flanders,
Far over the sea
Though fondly we loved him,
Yet freely we gave;
And now in Flanders,
He sleeps with the brave.

Somewhere in Flanders,
At the Empire's call
Was Canada's answer;
And though some fall,
It steels our hearts
And dries our tear,
We'll shoulder our guns,
For our Allies' cheer:
Pushing on, ever on,
Till victory is won,
And Britain, has triumphed
Over the Hun.

Somewhere in Flanders
We've proved to our foes,
That Maple, or Thistle,
Or Shamrock, or Rose,
At the call of our country
Stand ready to fight;
Sons of the Briton
For God and the Right.
Your destiny read
Ere yet they were born;
"Your Emblem
The Lion, and Unicorn."

"Somewhere in Flanders."
These words have rung
From father, or brother,
Or husband, or son,
Facing the foeman
When the call came,
Serving their country
Playing the game.
They've done their duty,
Life sacrificed;
Accept their Passports,
In the name of Christ.

Somewhere in Flanders
On their tablets write,—
"They did their duty
For God and the Right."
'Tis an Empire's tribute,
Dear comrades to thee;
Wells up in our hearts
Far over the sea.
Though fondly we loved them,
Yet freely we gave,
E'en, though in Flanders
They sleep with the brave.

Somewhere in Flanders
Cheers of victory, must rise,
To redeem all their blood,
And their sacrifice.
Somewhere in Flanders,
The world shall know
Truth triumphant,
Over His foe;
And Israel's God
As in days of old,
Will give Britain the victory,
And all her Fold.

Sons of our Empire,
Who believe in His might,
Your country is calling
For God and the Right.
Then Britons rally
With one accord,
One single purpose
To so serve the Lord;
That He bare His Arm,
Stretch forth His Hand,
And sweep the tyrant
From sea, and land.

Somewhere in Flanders,
These words shall ring,—
"God of Israel
Is Britain's King:"
Stand still, and hold
Aloft, His Rod,
"God of Israel
Is Britain's God."
See then, the foeman
Swept away,
Prove God of Israel
Our God today.

Do thou Britain,
Then loud proclaim,
Praise for Victory
Unto His Name.
Bid now thy sons,
Both one and all,
To Councils Wise,
In Wisdom's Hall:
That recognizing
His Holy Plan,
Thou mayest establish
The Covenant-Man.

O Nations! then
Before Him bow;
And pledge a Pledge;
And vow a Vow;
That, from the earth
Thou shalt erase,
The lust of war
And its disgrace.
O Righteousness!
Do thou abound,
And Peace establish
The world around.

6a—To Substitute Verse 6 if wished

Somewhere in Flanders,
The message read,
They laid him gently—
O he is not dead!
To a better land
Only gone before,
To his resting place
Is Lance Moore.
Somewhere in Flanders—
God's will be done:
He called her boy
To His Heavenly home.

Verse 6a contains personal reference
to Pte. David Macfarlane Moore, No.
117432, C.M.R. and is specially intend-
ed for the friends.

J. G. FORGIE, Author.

Langdon, June 14th, 1916.



